

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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VOLUME XII.

## POETRY

For the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Minnehaha.

By JUDY DA COURSET.

Minnehaha—Laughing Water,  
Spirit sweet of mist and spray;  
Slipping on, through shine and shadow,  
Ever hurrying on the way.

Sunny-hearted Minnehaha,  
All the winds the leaves seem;  
Silver stars stoop down and kiss thee,  
Till thy beauty's like a dream.

Whisper to me, Laughing Water,  
Stories of thy forest home,  
Where the dark-eyed Indian maidens  
And the dusky warriors roam.

When I bent my head and listened,  
To the spirit of mist and spray—  
To the elish Laughing Water,  
This is what I heard it say:

"Not to any, save the poet,  
Do I sing my wretched tale;  
Cant that show my sign or symbol,  
Eric I lift the magic veil?"

Then I heard the mocking laughter,  
Put a dash of mist and spray,  
As the elish Minnehaha  
Passed me by and slipped away.

For she knew—the winsome spirit—  
Poet's name I could not claim,  
So this mere Minnehaha  
Left me—laughing—as she came.

But I'll woo this misty maiden,  
And some day she'll sing to me,  
Then I'll laugh, and softly whisper  
All she tells me, sweet, to thee.

Nov. 20, 1882.

## STORY TELLER.

### THE HAND OF FATE.

#### A STRANGE STORY.

Intolerant skepticism and intolerance are only the two extremes of the same thing. There is a fanaticism in disbelief not less absolute than that fanaticism which established the inquisition or lighted the fires of Smithfield. Lu Harpe, the celebrated naturalist, is said to have fought a duel with a friend who had asserted the existence of his own conscience. Such a skeptical fanatic was I at the date of the events I am about to relate. I was President of a society for the prevention of superstition. I believed in nothing beyond the ken of my five senses. I was a furious enemy of dreams, omens, presentiments, ghosts and spirits. I was not likely, therefore, to have been moved by superstitious credulity or perverse imagination in regard to the circumstance.

I was living in bachelor lodgings in a quiet street in the upper part of the city. I went little into society, and had few friends. I spent most of my evenings, consequently, in the seclusion of my room, with no company but my books.

One autumn evening I reached home at a late hour, but feeling no desire to sleep, I lighted my lamp and sat down by the table for the purpose of finishing a volume I had been reading. It was a dissertation on a favorite subject of mine—namely, the physical cause of dreams and apparitions, the author tracing all spectral apparitions to illusions brought about by disordered nervous functions. I was deeply interested, and read on steadily until after midnight.

Suddenly, and without any warning my light flickered and went out. For a moment the room was in intense darkness. I had drawn the curtain before the windows, and the fire in the grate had died down long before. Just as I was on the point of impatiently rising to relight my lamp, I was haled to my chair by a strange phenomenon. Against the opposite wall of my room a faint glow of light began to appear. In shape it was like the circular patch which is thrown by a camera upon a screen. It continued to increase in brilliancy until the whole room was in a glare of light equal to noonday. It was as if a circular window had been cut in the wall, admitting the full power of the sun.

For an instant surprise held me dumb and motionless; then I arose, and, going to the wall, placed my hand upon the patch of light. I observed that my hand cast no shadow, and that, therefore, the light could not come from behind me. Puzzled, but by no means alarmed, I went back to my chair, calmly resolved to watch the matter to its conclusion.

For a moment the light remained clear and steady; then a slight mist seemed to overspread it. Out of the mist, by slow degrees, a picture was evolved. There was a wide, deep river, crossed by a railroad bridge in the foreground. I could see here and there a vessel drifting idly with the

tide, for it appeared to be a still warm day. In the distance the hills looked blue and hazy. There were white clouds in the sky, and at a distance the smoke from a town on the river bank rose hazily into the air.

I could note and memorize every detail—the color of the wooden trestle of the bridge; the shape and number of the signal boards; the peculiar arrangement of the telegraph wires. In fact I could have sworn that I sat before an open window looking over a material landscape of real sky, earth and water. I noted too, particularly, a weak spot near the centre of the bridge. The bed of the road seemed to have warped, and several sleepers seemed decayed and loosened. I even said, unconsciously:

"There will be a terrible accident at that point some day."

While I was gazing at the apparition with sensations impossible to describe, I observed the smoke of an approaching train. It rushed swiftly around a curve and upon the bridge with unabated speed. I was conscious of a feeling of intense interest in it. I felt very much like a person witnessing a drama with high-wrought emotions, breathlessly watching the action which is drawing toward the tragic denouement.

On came the train. I counted the cars; there were sixteen—four of a yellowish color and the remainder of a deep red. I saw upon their sides the words "Northern New York & Canada Railroad." I saw that the engine's number was 12, and that the engineer, leaning out of the window toward me, had a large red face and a heavy black beard.

As the train came upon the bridge there seemed to be a sudden jar and stoppage. The engine leaped into the air like a frightened horse and rolled over the bridge, followed by six of the cars. There was an intense shower of alarm and horror, a shower of fire and a cloud of steam which for a moment hid everything from sight.

A moment afterward my attention was irresistibly drawn to two figures struggling in the water. One was a girl very young and beautiful, attired in a gray travelling suit. She had lost her bonnet, and her long, fair hair was floating upon the water.

The other figure was that of man, whose appearance gave me a shock of surprise. I seemed to recognize him, though his face was turned away. At first he seemed to be making preparations to strike out vigorously toward the shore. Then he seemed to catch sight of the young girl, for he turned, and, swimming toward her, supported her on one arm, while with the other he kept both of them afloat.

At the moment I caught sight of his face. I started up and uttered a shout of absolute terror. It was my own face, white and stern with excitement and resolution, that I saw before me.

But very shortly this one point was opposed by two others of a startling kind.

As if my voice had broken the spell, the light, landscape, wrecked train and struggling swimmers disappeared like a flash of lightning. I rubbed my eyes and looked around. The light was burning brightly as before. The book I had been reading had slipped from my hand to the floor. I perceived then that I had been merely dreaming a vivid dream.

To say that I was not startled would be untrue. I was very much moved, but it was neither with superstitions fear nor the slightest faith. Here, I thought, was a grand opportunity to put my favorite theories into practice. I had dreamed a dream of such distinctness and detail that it might readily be supposed to be a forewarning. That it would prove to be nothing of the sort I was perfectly convinced. I dared not go forward and endeavor to catch a glimpse of the girl's face. I feared to see the face of my dream. I threw myself back into the corner of my seat and fell into a moodily reverie. But, meantime, I gathered from the conversation of two passengers in the seat before me that we were to cross the Black River before noon on a trestle bridge.

Presently the landscape on either side began to look strangely familiar. I caught glimpses of hills in the distance that seemed not new to me. A moment later, as the train passed through a cutting and came in sight of the river, I started up in terror. I beheld the landscape of my dream. The wide, deep current, the pale blue sky with its motionless clouds, the drooping sails of the vessels, and the distant town with its dim vapors rising into the air—I had seen them all before.

I was now prepared for the full realization of my dream. The last thread of disbelief had broken. I

sprang out upon the platform as the train ran upon the trestle, and waited breathlessly for the crash I knew was coming.

The train ran on smoothly until it reached the center of the bridge, then there was a hideous jar, an explosion, a chaos of shouts, shrieks, and crashes, and I found myself in the water swimming for life.

In an instant I remembered the conclusion of my dream. I turned about, and there, within a dozen feet of me floated the figure in gray, with her long hair spread out upon the water and her beautiful eyes turned toward me in terrified appeal. My dream had not told me whether I was to escape or die in the attempt to rescue the girl. But I never thought of that. I swam toward her, and passing my arm about her struck out toward the shore.

It was a long and desperate struggle. The river was wide and the current swift. I could make little progress with my inert burden. I struggled on, growing weaker and weaker with every stroke. Presently I saw a boat pulling toward us. I uttered a shout and was answered. In another moment my companion was drawn into the vessel, and, after overcome with my terrible efforts, I sank back into the water insensible.

When I awoke to consciousness I was lying in bed, and some one was bending over me. It was a woman, and she was weeping; I could feel her tears falling upon my forehead as she brushed back my damp hair. Presently the mist cleared away from my sight, and I recognized the young girl whom I had rescued—the girl I had seen in my dream.

She uttered a cry of joy when she saw my eyes were open. She seized my hand and pressed it convulsively.

"Thank heaven," she said, "you will live."

"Yes," said I, with a feeble smile, "since it is of importance to you."

"I should never be happy again," she sobbed, "if you were to die after what you have done for me."

Being still very ill, and yet anxious to reach my father, I resolved to get on at once. Finding me determined to proceed, my young friend insisted upon accompanying me the short distance I had to go. It is needless to relate the details of the remainder of my journey; how when I arrived I found my father in a fair way to recovery; how in the natural course of events I fell in love with my nurse.

When I returned to the city with my young wife, my friends found that I had left my skepticism in the depths of the Black River, I dissolved my connection with the "Anti-Superstition Society," not without considerable jeering, which I could afford to receive. I am now convinced that there are things in this world that our raw logic will not account for. My clearest proof is the dear wife whose life I was led to save for myself by the irresistible hand of fate.

At the earliest peep of dawn I went through every car on the train, earnestly scanning the passengers' faces. I was looking for the young girl in the gray traveling suit. I was highly elated to discover that no such person was on board. Here was one point in my favor.

But very shortly this one point was opposed by two others of a startling kind.

During a halt in the forenoon, I alighted and went forward to the engine. Thereupon the brass plate on its side was the number 12. And as the engineer leaned from the window I was stunned to recognize the man in the dream, the red face and black beard.

I went back to my seat in a maze of wonder and dread. My incredulity was oozing out at my fingers' ends.

Just as the train was about to start, a carriage drove furiously up to the station and a late passenger was assisted aboard one of the forward cars as the wheels began to move. It was a woman whose face I could not see, for she wore a veil, but her dress was of a light gray color and her figure that of a young girl.

By this time I was thoroughly unnerved. I dared not go forward and endeavor to catch a glimpse of the girl's face. I feared to see the face of my dream. I threw myself back into the corner of my seat and fell into a moodily reverie. But, meantime, I gathered from the conversation of two passengers in the seat before me that we were to cross the Black River before noon on a trestle bridge.

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plosion, a chaos of shouts, shrieks,

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"Of course," said the reporter,

"much depends upon the class of

people in your car?"

"You bet it does," I tell you when

we pull out from Deming at night and

I size up the crowd as I take up their

tickets, I can tell within a dollar or

two how much there's going to be in

it for me."

"From your experience in the busi-

ness," said the reporter, "what class

of travelers pan out the best in re-

sults?"

"Well," said the porter, thoughtfully,

"there are several pretty good

classes. Drummers are perhaps the

best. Pacific coast men, as a rule,

are reliable for something handsome,

and so are mining men. Young mar-

ried people, too, are mighty good. A

young husband can't do too much to

show his liberality. I never get less

than \$2.50 from them. Very rich

men and women, as I said before, are

the poorest."

"What! Don't rich men come down

liberally?"

"No, indeed. They're the least re-

liable. I had a sad illustration of

that a couple of weeks ago. I hauled

John Mackay, the California bonanza

king, up from Deming and his friend,

Colonel Gillette, of the Sierra Grande

mine, got aboard at Nate. They

were coming through, and I put the

pair down as good for \$5 at least. At

Kansas City I took care to separate

them when I brushed 'em off, but what

do you suppose was the result? I

brushed Gillette first, and he gave me

a dollar. He said, with a terrible

stutter, that it was "all the ch—ch

change he had." It was somewhat of

a blow, but I went in and got Mr. Mac-

key out for his brush. He fumbled

around among a lot of keys, and fin-

ally fished out fifty cents. By jinks,

I was mad. Of course I could not

say anything. No, it's so with rich

men. There's Governor Tabot, he's

about as many as any of 'em, but he

never gives more than \$1. Politicians,

when they have money, are

mighty good. There's Dorsey, the

star route man. When he goes down

## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1883.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS:

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Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A FEW months ago, those interested in deaf-mute education everywhere throughout the United States, were surprised and indignant at the sweeping changes made in the personnel of the Virginia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, at Staunton. Many futile efforts have since been made to show that the changes were not caused by political influences, but constituted essentially a move to promote the efficiency of the Institution. Some of the mute papers contested this version of the matter, maintaining, as well they might, that no possible good could arise from discharging experienced men, and putting green hands (or green heads?) in the places thus made vacant. The "Goodson Gazette," a paper published at the Virginia Institution under the control of the Superintendent, has seemed with editorials which were calculated to engender the impression that the everybody connected with the Institution was doing the utmost to faithfully perform the duties which their respective positions entailed. But, while this apparent tranquillity and progressiveness was being promulgated, the inside workings were badly out of order. Envy, jealousy, indignation, distrust, and enmity, existed among the teachers and officers, and even the pupils, causing a feeling of uneasiness and uncertainty among the former, and making, we should judge, a period of school-life that was anything but profitable to the latter. The climax has been reached at last, the Principal having been obliged to step down and out. The following correspondence of the Richmond (Va.) Dispatch will explain the latest phase of the matter:

"For some months past there have been differences and difficulties between the Principal of the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb, and the Blind, Dr. Van Allen, and Dr. W. H. Davis, which grew more and more bitter and irreconcileable until at last they have been terminated in the appointment of the new Board of Visitors by the Governor last Saturday.

The present Board has only been in office since last Saturday, and consists then, early and late, of the same persons who, up to the time of its re-organization, were on the Board.

The latter clause is significant, and needs no comment.

These changes make two principals and two matrons since July. Your readers can imagine the state of affairs there.

Can any Institution thrive under so many changes. It will demoralize the pupils, discourage all who are interested in their advancement.

The many friends of Mrs. Henry in Staunton, Va., are glad to see she is so well located at a place where political parties do not make war on women, and respect merit, irrespective of party feelings.

The paragraph below will show in what high esteem Mrs. Henry is held in Staunton.

### A VIRGINIA MATHON FOR A NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

A letter from Rev. Job Turner, dated on Christmas day, to the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, in New York City, informs us that Mrs. Henry, the former excellent matron of the W. L. Asylum and Mrs. Wm. Dickson, and met Mr. Gordon Redmond, a pleasant deaf gentleman who lives with them. The next day they visited the Carothers, who live about two miles distant, and saw James, a graduate of Fanwood.

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### Gone Home.

Under date of December 30th, the *Nebraska Journal*, published at the Omaha Institution prints the following:

"Lenora Needham, one of our bright little girls has gone home—gone to her eternal home. She had been sick for a couple of weeks with what we supposed was a light attack of fever. On Saturday she suddenly grew worse and died a little after four o'clock. Her father arrived on the afternoon train Sunday. On arriving at the Institute and viewing the remains of his departed child, he was able to rejoice even in that sad hour that there was a place beyond, where he could meet the dear one again. It was a sad time for all of us, but the strong faith and hope of the future shown by the sorrowing father, buoyed us all up; and it did seem that death had lost much of its terror. The Rev. Harris of the Baptist Church preached a very feeling and appropriate sermon, which was interpreted by Mr. Gillette. The remains of Lenora were put to rest in the grounds of the institute, being the first burial on the ground, as it also was the first death which has ever occurred within the walls of the institute."

## ITEMIZER.

### FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Chas. F. Tuttle is in Mandeville, La., doing well.

The wife of John Irwin, of Portland, Me., presented her husband with a son on October 19th.

The next meeting of the Guild, of New York City, will be held on Tuesday Evening, January 30th, 1883.

Miss E. Rosewishes to know why her friend, Miss Katie Shute, has not written to her for a long time.

John J. Connors is working in the tool shop at Mansfield, Mass. His father died of dropsy on November 14th, 1882.

Miss Laura Leiby was in York, Pa., lately. She says that one of the mute gentlemen of York is a fine skater.

Albert Henry, a deaf-mute who formerly attended the Wisconsin School, is now a brakeman on the Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

Will some mute of Williamson, Ct., be so kind as to tell a friend through the JOURNAL, how many mutes are living in Williamson, Ct., and the address is 107 S. Clark St.

### THE REV. W. W. TURNER DYING.

JAN. 9.—A telegraphic dispatch to the JOURNAL announces that Rev. W. W. Turner, who was Principal of the American Asylum at Hartford from 1853 to 1863, is slowly sinking at his home in Hartford, Ct., of consumption. He was born at New York, Dec. 14, 1814, and died at New York, Dec. 14, 1882.

David A. Stoner, for several years a supervisor of the boys at the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb, died on December 27th, at his home in Stoner's, Md., of consumption. He was 32 years of age.

Allen Meacham, of Guildhall, Vt., married an accomplished and beautiful young semi-mute lady named M. Etta Holt, of Charlton, Mass., on the 23d of last November. They make a handsome young couple. The bride can play several pieces on the organ.

Mr. Isaac Ellis, of North Stockholm, N. Y., is a veteran deaf-mute farmer, and is eighty-four years old. He never attended a deaf-mute school, but can read and write. His wife slipped and fell some time ago, and was quite seriously injured.

The family of Mr. J. H. Winslow, of North Stockholm, N. Y., had a fine Christmas tree at their residence. The articles which adorned the tree were useful and valued at about \$100. The near relatives and friends of Mr. W. only were present.

The new Board meets on the 10th of this month, which is the day of the annual re-organization of the Board of Education.

On Monday evening, last, Mr. J. W. Waddell, secretary of the old Board received a communication from that Board from Dr. W. A. Vaughan, the Principal of the Institution, in which he said that from ill health, and other reasons not necessary to mention, he tendered his resignation of the position of Principal.

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# CHICAGO.

## The Garden City Levee.

### A SUCCESSFUL GATHERING.

#### Chicago Mute Circle Brieflets.

The First Grand Levee of the Chicago Mute Circle took place on New Year's Evening. It was the most enjoyable and most successful event among the silent people in the northwest.

The jubilant mutes began to arrive at Klare's Parlor Hall and entered the hall at seven o'clock. An hour and a half later, the number increased with more rapidity than was expected. They, one and all, spent the time in having pleasant and good chats with one another, until nine o'clock, when they were called to form a grand march around the hall, conducted by Lars Larson, chief manager of the Levee.

An excellent music of four pieces was furnished for the occasion, and they all tooted nobly.

The following was the programme of dancing, and other parlor amusements, which was carried out well:

Grand March,	Welcome,
Quadrille,	Chicago Mute Circle
Waltz,	First Levee,
Quadrille,	Ephraim.
Virginia Reel,	Alma Mater,
Waltz,	Mocking Bird,
Quadrille,	Good Time,
Chair Game,	Glorious Days,
Lady Washington,	One Another,
Quadrille,	Love—Are You Hungry,
Polka Redowa,	Silent Songs, —4 Entries.
Sack Race,	Sack Race, —5 Entries.

#### INTERMISSION.

Promenade & Waltz,	Ladies' Choice,
Quadrille,	Fri-ends meet,
Waltz,	For the Silent,
Virginia Reel,	Social Hop,
Waltz,	Alma Mater,
Quadrille,	Happy New Year,
Chair Game,	Fun for all,
Lady Washington,	Welcome to 1883,
Quadrille,	We will meet again,
Polka Redowa,	Sweet Home,
Sack Race,	Old Dan Tucker,

#### NOTES.

After the first part of the order was done by midnight, the contestants for the "silent song" prize were Misses Emily Theunis, Nettie Spaulding, and Katie Luther, who translated the Twenty-Third Psalm into signs before the Levee assembly. The first contestant delivered the Psalm into signs with most correctness and gracefulness; the second spoke it in signs elegantly and clearly, and the third recited it rapidly. The three judges of this contest were Messrs. J. R. Cotton, A. G. Christensen, of this city, and P. S. Engelhardt, of Milwaukee, Wis., and they all agreed to name Miss Theunis as the winner of the prize, which was "Seneca's Morals," beautifully bound.

Next came the sack race, which was the most attractive and funniest occurrence of the Levee. The judges of the race were Messrs. J. H. Gibney, C. E. Buchan, and Ed. King. The entries for the sack race prize were Messrs. Walter Arnold and E. Blood, of this city, Charles Angle, of Pullman, Ill., Chas. Reed, of Menasha, Wis., and Lars M. Larson, who put on his "gymnasium" suit and "College" cap, which he used to wear at his College *alma mater* in Washington, D. C. They all made various tumbling that pleased the Levee people, and at last they were ready to start in the race. Mr. Larson ran ahead, but fell down a few feet from the goal, and as soon as the race ended, the judges declared that Charles Reed, of Wisconsin, was entitled to the prize, which was one dollar.

Two large sacks containing different kinds of nuts, candies, and pop-corn, in fifty little bags in each sack, were hung about five feet high from the floor at the centre of the Hall. Many, when blindfolded at some distance from the place where the sacks were hung, failed after three turns to strike the bags, but two successfully struck and broke them with cues. The bags were distributed among the Levee people.

During the exercise, Mr. William Gibney, who is known to all here as the mute clown of the Garden City, made lots of fun for those present.

During the intermission, most all went arm-in-arm to the dining-room, where they seated themselves at tables loaded with a first class bill of fare and numerous delicious fruits.

After supper, all returned to the Hall immediately. Miss Grace Emery, daughter of Prof. P. A. Emery, conducted a good promenading march around the Hall, until waltz was called for. The second part of the programme was finished at about four o'clock A.M., and they spent the time in playing and chatting till the morning of the second day of January.

At midnight, Mr. Larson, who overworked himself during the first part of programme, became prostrated from the effects of excitement and too much work, and was taken to the

cushioned bench by the stove by his wife, who gave up her further enjoyment with others at the Levee and seated herself by him and comforted him. He was all right in a little and mingled with the others, playing and dancing during the remainder of the night.

All dispersed for home, carrying with them pleasant and happy memories of the First Grand Levee of the Chicago Mute Circle. It was a good and real success. The whole number of persons who were present at the Levee was two hundred, fifty of which were speaking friends.

Besides this State, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan, were well represented at the Levee.

#### CHICAGO MUTE CIRCLE ITEMS.

A regular meeting of the Chicago Mute Circle was held in the Lecture Room in Farwell Hall Building, at 8 p.m. December 5th, 1882, in spite of the stormy weather. There were thirty-five present to listen to a lecture given by Lars M. Larson upon—"Thinking and its usefulness to the world." After the lecture was over, an hour was spent in social conversation.

Another regular meeting of fifty persons of the Circle was held in the Class Room in Farwell Hall Building. After prayer Rev. L. P. Mercer, pastor of the Central New Jerusalem Church in this city, addressed the Circle upon the subject of "The Christian Life." This was interpreted by Miss Grace D. Emery, daughter of Prof. P. A. Emery. After this discourse, Mr. A. T. Heminway, General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, was introduced to the audience, and spoke good words.

William Berryman, a sober, round, rosy-cheeked farmer, was in town

feeling as great a man as General Grant, with a lot of big cigars which he had been receiving all day.

Elies Cripe visited us lately, while he was on his way home. His visit was short, but enjoyable. We will gladly welcome him again whenever he should spare time for another seven-mile call.

Henry Berryman is sporting an \$18 suit of clothes. He is naturally jolly and indstrious. His master says, he would like to have him as long as he wishes to make his home, when at the approach of the spring, he moves to Kansas. He has just traded his threshing machine for a farm of one hundred and sixty acres of good land.

George W. Hayes, who is now lifting type on a newspaper, has for no less than four weeks past been recreating in the cool breezes of the country, not far from Goshen. He returned north last October, looking as fleshly and healthy as ever, and reported having had a "bully" time. He says, cabinet-making might be rather a delightful occupation, but he has failed to discover its delights. He obtained his "sit" through the influence of his elder brother, who has for three years been type slinging in Mendon, Mich.

Miss Sara O. Neff's mother was at Mrs. Berryman's one day of last week to see how Sara was, while her father was in Goshen on some business. She was our guest for a few hours. Sara was out at New Paris, visiting her *chum* Miss D. —, and had the pleasure of staying with her for a few days. Chloe will please accept her thanks for her kind hospitality when her mother comes after her.

Sorry the invitation to attend Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Clark's party at Vicksburg, Mich., arrived too late for us to put in appearance, as we first promised to be present in Indiana on Christmas day.

Mrs. Lars M. Larson was introduced to the Circle by Mr. Codman, who presided at the meeting. She said she was glad to meet all there, and had a good time at the Levee. She had Miss Grace Emery and herself could give the Circle a Calico Hop some time before long.

The next meeting takes place at ladies' parlor, Farwell Hall building, on January 17th—a lecture by Mr. Larson.

#### CHRISTMAS PARTY AT GOSHEN, IND.

DEAR EDITOR:—I take advantage of this, my first opportunity, to report the news of the Goshen, Ind., Christmas Party, for the JOURNAL and its many readers.

The Christmas party was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Berryman, five miles west of this place, and it proved an extensive and jolly affair, for there were eleven speechless attendants and a few speaking intimates.

A very short time before, Mr. and Mrs. James Eldred and Mrs. Moses A. Martindale took an eighteen-mile carriage ride, and there was a pleasant gathering down there. All the mutes were invited to a turkey dinner, and after dinner spent a most agreeable time, chatting, making jokes, and playing various games until Christmas day passed. They say that they enjoyed it highly, but believe there will be more fun on next Christmas.

Much of the success of the party was due to Mrs. Berryman, who is a prime favorite and very popular among her intimates.

I draw this to a close, hoping you will confer a favor by publishing it in the JOURNAL.

I follow the example of others, and affix a *nom-de-plume* to this.

OVERSEER.

January 6, '83.

#### NOTICES.

Deaf-Mutes are invited to attend service in Trinity Church, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., on Sunday, January 14th, at 4 p.m.

Deaf-mutes of Louisville, Ky., and vicinity will please remember that the Rev. Job Turner will hold service in the St. Paul Church Chapel, that city, on the night of the 26th inst., and so on the forenoon of the following Sunday, the 25th.

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Early on Christmas morning, Mr. Elias Cripe came in and stayed with

us all one day and night and then left us, returning to his humble occupation—farming two miles east of Goshen. He seemed to have had a very good time.

Miss Chloe E. Brothers had the pleasure of meeting one of her classmates, Miss Sara O. Neff, with whom she had a delightful chat. She returned home with happy thoughts clustering in her memory of the enjoyable time she had while at the "Silent Castle."

Mrs. Moses A. Martindale joined Mr. and Mrs. James Eldred, taking a nice ride along from Elkhart to Goshen to enjoy snowballing, dancing, playing games, etc. She said that it was the jolliest time she ever had.

Joe F. Hochstetler failed to be present, as circumstances prevented.

Joseph Bixler informed us that he would be much pleased to be present, but something must have happened to prevent him, as he failed to come.

Throughout the day, Mrs. Moses A. Martindale kept up her winsome smile.

Mr. Argos Baer, of Burlington, Ky., cousin of Miss Chloe Brothers, who had not been seen since he went west ten years ago to engage in a furniture and farming business with his father. He has had an immense time during several weeks past, visiting in Indiana.

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A party of fifty were in attendance on January 3d. Mr. Edmund Booth, of Iowa, favored us with a lecture on "What is Man?" His lecture was full of historic, religious and instructive remarks, with valuable facts and human observation. Afterwards, Mr. Larson gave brief reports concerning the Levee. Mr. Englehardt, of Milwaukee, Wis., and Mr. Hutton, of Janesville, Wis., spoke some words to the Circle, congratulating them on their success in starting a Levee.

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# FANWOOD.

## JANUARY JOTS.

### Prof. Jones in Luck.

### PERSONAL, VISITORS, AND RANDOM SHOTS.

(From the New York Correspondent.)

The following verses originally appeared in the New York *Sun*, of a recent date. We have slightly altered the wording, and think they are entirely appropriate in this connection:

THE "JOURNAL."  
Serene and pure and clear and strong,  
The friend of right and son of wrong,  
The deaf-mute's steady advocate  
And earning well the slanderer's hate,  
While other papers rise and fall  
It lives for all.

No matter what your faith or creed,  
The JOURNAL nicely fits your need,  
An I plainly speak'st the truth  
To give to the old man and the youth,  
While deaf-mute's offer braw or bawl  
It speaks for all.

Though man may change in place and power,  
The JOURNAL remains the same each hour.  
Whatever the party's name  
It gives to each its praise or blame,  
And answers still the deaf-mute's call :  
" Justice to all."

Miss Hawkins, the new semi-mute young lady pupil, has been placed in the High Class.

The residences of Profs. Jones, Carrier, Lloyd and Jenkins, were invaded by a body of ladies from the Institution one evening last week. Object—

Theodore Lonsbury, who packed up and left school about a month ago to try and earn his salt in the city printing office, is again in the fold. He says he is "resigned." We say he was "bombed," for it would be a miracle if by chance he should set a three-line reprint paragraph without making twenty-five blunders.

Harry Babbitt, of Boston, Mass., accompanied by Miss Georgie Loomis, of this city, visited the printing department Wednesday afternoon last, and saw the large steam Hoe press running.

At a meeting of the Evangelical Boat Club, held in the High Class office on the evening of January 4th, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year, the following young men were chosen: Captain, Dennis Sullivan; 1st Mate, Anthony Capelli; 2d Mate, Charles W. Stowell; Secretary, G. S. Porter; Treasurer, Henry Schanck; Sponge boy, John Wanzel.

Nearly all of the boys turned up after the holidays with a I-have-had-a-bulky-time expression in the off eye; the girls with a do-you-see-my-new-shoes-bean in the nigga one.

James H. Caton, the blind mute, says he would have visited his friend, Solomon Winne, of Kingston, N. Y. on New Year's Day, had it not been so cold. As it was, he went to Blue Point to pay his respects to Miss Eliza Rose.

John Wanzel received a new hat and \$1 in cash as a Christmas gift. John bought a revolver and a box of cartridges with the money, but the revolver was stolen from him. He arrived at school Wednesday last in a very cheerful frame of mind.

W. L. Eastman, of Attica, N. Y., was the guest of the Institution all of Tuesday last. He had a happy time.

Mrs. Juliette Dillingham became so seriously ill with pneumonia last week, her immediate friends were sent for. We are happy to announce that the crisis is passed, and she is slowly convalescing.

Mr. Sonneborn, of New York City, braved the snow storm Friday last to make a visit to the printing office.

Misses Butler and Mitchell, of the Tarrytown Branch, infused new life into the Institution by popping in on us suddenly Friday last. Their stay, however, like angels' visits, were very brief.

The girls were not so prompt in putting in appearance after the holidays this term as on former years. Thirty-eight were absent at roll call Saturday morning last.

Thursday last, Prof. Jones received an invitation to appear at the residence of Mr. James O. Sheldon, a gentleman connected with the Board of Directors, to give humorous illustrations of the sign-language before a company of about twenty-five ladies and gentlemen. Walter Peet, son of the Principal, acted as interpreter. The exhibition lasted about half an hour, at the conclusion of which Prof. Jones was warmly applauded, and received from Mr. Sheldon, in token of his pleasure, \$25 in cash. A rather good half hour's work. About a year ago, Prof. Jones labored about two weeks preparing his Garfield Lecture, to deliver before the Manhattan Literary Association, which drew an immense crowd, and in return for his exertions received the magnificent sum of \$3. A slight difference.

Elmer E. Smith related the thrilling history of the "Bilious Boy" before the Peet Literary Society Friday evening last.

Mr. Shotwell went shopping on the Bowery a couple of weeks ago. After purchasing some needed articles, he started for home with \$4 in his poc-

ket-book. He arrived home safely, but the pocketbook didn't. Tableau.

Messrs. Perkins and Noble returned to school last week. They brought with them skins of three fine gray squirrels, which "their unerring rifles had caused to bite the dust."

Sunday is the only day on which Thomas Halloran can conveniently visit the Institution. He was on hand Sunday last.

The fall of snow Friday night furnished amusement for the boys until Tuesday.

Wm. Ennis was on the sick list the fore part of the week.

CHIP.

### An Interesting Ceremony.

(Orange Journal)

On Wednesday evening last, Miss Harriet Williams, youngest daughter of Ira Williams, of North Park Street, was united in marriage to Mr. John W. Ackley, of Shotville, Columbia County, New York. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Storrs, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, assisted by Mr. John Bennett, also of this city.

With a letter of introduction in his pocket, a representative reporter of the *Journal*, shortly after half-past seven o'clock on that evening, repaired to the residence of the bride's father, a small, unpainted house on the east side of North Park Street near Washington, where, after some minutes spent in endeavoring to attract the attention of the inmates to the door, which was finally accomplished by a violent shaking, he was admitted to a cheerful room occupying the front of the first door. No one was present but Mr. Williams and his eldest daughter, Elizabeth—both deaf-mutes—but the chairs around the room indicated that company was expected. The walls were profusely decorated with pictures, the floor was covered with a warm-looking rug-carpet, and a general air of neatness and comfort pervaded the room. An inquiring look from Miss Williams was answered by the production of the note, and the bearer was kindly motioned to a chair. In a few moments the door opened, a number of persons entered, and rapid and emphatic gestures showed the "uneducated" reporter that greetings were being exchanged. "Could it be that in all this room full of pleasant-looking ladies and gentlemen and pretty young girls, there was none whom God had not afflicted?" was the mental inquiry of the reporter.

"Afflicted?" Can this term be applied to persons with such happy, smiling faces, who communicated with each other with such rapidity and ease? There were soon found to be three "hearing and speaking" persons in the room, two of whom had been educated in the deaf and dumb language, and with their aid, the uneducated could ask and answer questions.

The clergyman arrived soon after eight o'clock, and after he had been introduced to the company, the bride and groom made their appearance. Prayer was offered by Dr. Storrs, and so by Mr. Bennett, a deaf-mute, in the sign-language. The service was pronounced by Dr. Storrs in sign-language. The couple gave marked attention to the service as rendered by Mr. Bennett, and each question was answered by them with an affirmative inclination of the head, and their manner showed, even more than words could express, that they were heartily in earnest. After the couple had been pronounced man and wife and a short prayer had been offered, earnest and hearty congratulations were extended in eager and rapid ejaculations.

The bride wore a drab-colored silk, trimmed with satin of a darker shade, and a beautiful lace ruff round her neck was fastened at the throat with a small bouquet of roses. The groom was dressed in a neat black suit, and both wore white kid gloves.

They remained in this city until morning, when they left for Brooklyn to visit a sister of the groom. On Monday, they expect to go to Shotville, where the groom is employed in a woolen mill, and is owner of some real estate, and where the happy couple will make their home.

The circumstances leading to the union as related by the couple were as follows: On July 23d last, Mr. Ackley went on a deaf-mute excursion, and on that day became acquainted with a Mrs. Ward, also a deaf-mute. Mr. Ackley intimated to her that he was on the look-out for a wife, and she recommended Miss Williams, with whom she was acquainted, to him. On her recommendation, Mr. Ackley came to Orange, introduced himself and made his errand known to the lady. Judging from results, his visit was not fruitless. Suffice it to say, after spending a short time here, he returned to his home, made the necessary preparations, corresponding with Miss Williams in the meantime, and now, within six months, claimed her as his bride.

Ira Williams, familiarly known in this vicinity as "Dumb Ira," the father of the bride, is well-known about the Oranges. He was born on North Park Street near Dold, in 1808, and was one of eight children, three of whom were deaf-mutes, and is now seventy-four years of age. He married at the age of twenty-four, and started housekeeping in the house where he now lives. His wife, also a deaf-mute, was born in this city, her maiden name being Mary

Harrison. She first married a man named Burnett, a man possessed of both the faculties which she lacked, and after his death, she married "Dumb Ira," the Rev. Dr. Hiller, an early pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, performing the ceremony. Both Ira and his wife were uneducated. Five children were born unto them, three girls and two boys. Three of those, two boys and one girl, died in infancy, and they with their mother, who died September 27th, 1877, were laid to rest in Rosedale Cemetery. The two daughters now living were both educated at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Among the company were Mr. John Bennett, wife and daughter, all three being deaf-mutes, and a son and daughter, William G. Bennett and Mary L. Bennett, both of whom were educated in the sign-language, the former being a supervisor at the New York Institution. From Newark, there were present Messrs. Wm. P. Pierson, George W. H. Van Ness, and Alfred Bonsfield; Mrs. Housell and two young daughters, Miss Conkling and William Donnelly, of New York City; and Mrs. Bowditch, of Northfield, N. J. All of these have been educated in the sign-language.

"Fanwood" is a lucky boy. He got a good job as a lather in the shoe factory where "Mr. Spy" works. He is well educated as their own brothers and sisters who can hear and speak.

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